

Her Journey

Each step she takes reminds her of where she has been, and where she is headed. Climbing higher and steeper she slides ever so slightly, but always grasps a hold, no matter how slight, before she falls. Some days she must rest, but she can never stop her constant climb no matter how unproductive or discouraging. Tears of happiness, frustration, and pure pain was over her mixed with sweat from sheer will. Her body is weak from battle but her soul will never die. She must never stop until she feels the grip of God's glorious hand pulling her into a long awaited hut, whispering, "well done my child, you have done your best and endured, now I will finish for you."